

I Orignially Planned a Different Story but Have This Instead by Alien_Jester

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Summary:

Steve has an achey back and has a hard week because of it, Robin washes his hair and is a good friend.

Very self indulgent because I have Chronic pain/illness and Steve is my comfort character

I Orignially Planned a Different Story but Have This Instead

It started on Monday. Steve noticed he had a bit of pain in his back, he figured it was from sleeping on the couch with Robin that night. That and every other night. She had come over unannounced, not that Steve minded since he wouldn't be alone, but they watched movies till they fell asleep. He was unfortunately crunched up and holding most of Robin's weight so it only made sense his back hurt more than usual. As the week went on he just kept getting more sore, and it went further up his back into his shoulder. By Thursday he couldn't even run his hands over his face without a sharp pain in his back.

"What's going on with you dingus?" Robin asked, hopping up on the counter. Steve shook his head wiping down the counter. "Seriously, you're all stuttery." She reached out and gripped his shoulder but quickly let go as he jerked away and then got stuck in a halfway bent over position from trying to escape her hand. The pain shot him like a jack hammer and it left him breathing heavily. "Woah what..."

"It's fine, back just , it's nothing." Steve stood back up slowly and let out a breath before wiping down the rest of the counter.

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It was now Friday night and Steve's back hurt so goddam bad. Nothing made it ease up it seemed, not even his mom's pain meds that she swore were for her migraines. The only thing that helped was being asleep which is why he was on the verge of insanity as he layed in bed unable to drift off. No position was comfortable enough to sleep aside from on his left side. He couldn't sleep on that side though because it faces away from the window, and lord knows what could come in through the window. He rolled onto his back once again staring at the ceiling trying to think of a way to ignore the sharp pains in his back and shoulders. He knows why his back hurts. He knows that it's from sleeping on the couch all the time. He always uses the excuse that Robin might be uncomfortable sleeping in his room but he knows that's not it. Steve himself is too scared to go sleep in his own room. It's childish, almost as childish as how upset he is about this little ache in his back. Nothing bad ever happened in

his room really. No monsters were faught in there, no Russans to torture him, no Nancy yelling at him, but despite all that he still would prefer the couch, or even Miss. Byres house, ironically. Steve remembers the first time he slept at the Byres house. It was awkward because Nancy and Johnathan were together but it wasn't bad per say. Max was spending the night so he got to hang out with a couple of the kids. When night came he was on the Byres couch and it was weird how easy it was to sleep despite seeing a monster fall out into the livingroom a couple years ago, or having the shit beaten out of him the year after. Steve groaned and slowly got up making his way downstairs. He sat on the large white couch and pulled a throw pillow into his arms to hold as he watched the TV till he eventually would pass out.

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"Alright something gotta give." Robin spoke exasperated as she gestured at Steve, who had just walked into work with a hat on, a HAT.

"What? Nothing, no get out." He stumbled over his non answers. "I woke up late is all." He lied as he made his way around the counter grabbing his vest from the shelf below it.

"So Steve The Hair Hairington, who called in sick for a bad hair day two weeks ago, is wearing a hat because he woke up late."

"Would you drop it already?" He snapped, she jumped ever so slightly but it was enough to make him feel guilty. "I just," he sighed "I haven't washed my hair in a couple days." He relented before nodding as to signal that he wasn't talking about it any further.

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Now Monday again, Steve hasn't showered in almost a week. He hasn't changed his shirt in 4 days. He got sent home from work because he couldn't unload the new rentals that came in. This stupid back pain was ruining his life. Now he was curled up on the couch in legitimate tears because even though he was at home where he is allowed to sleep if he wants to, he can't, and he hasn't all weekend.

A knock on the door pulls him out of his self pity for a moment, he decides whoever is there probably shouldn't see King Steve with tear tracks on his face. After about a minute of knocking, and the doorbell sound, he groaned and got up, a bit too quickly, and went to the

front door. Upon opening it revealed Robin holding a bag of snacks in one hand and two VHS tapes in the other.

"Woah Steve whats wrong?" She asked quickly as her smile faded into something more of concern.

"Nothing I'm fine I-"

"You're not fine, dingus, you look like you got hit by a bus." She says as she walks into the house setting her stuff on the table inside the door. Steve laughs, honestly laughs, because he is tired and he feels like he was hit by a bus and Robin looks scared and that makes it all the more funny.

"God Robin, I. I, I don't know what to do. I can't sleep and meds aren't helping and, and, I know it's from sleeping on the couch for so long but I can't sleep in my room because what if something happens and my room is too far away for somebody to find me in time. I can't even shower because it hurts to move my arms and I smell awful cause I can't change my shirt or even lift my arms and and-" This could not be more embarrassing. Not only is he sobbing like a 2 year old, he is sobbing like a 2 year old in front of his best friend that he fought monsters with.

"Steve, come on breath." Robin coaxes him to breath and sit on the steps that lead upstairs. - Steve slowly calmed down, the only thing left is just a red face that could be blamed more on embarrassment than anything. "Now can you tell me what's going on, cause I only caught about half of that."

"It's stupid," Robin doubts that "my back just reallt hurts and it keeps getting worse, its cause I've been sleeping on the couch but I cant sleep in my room, I tried pain meds but they didn't help and I can't shower so on top of feeling like shit my hair looks like crap and I smell like a locker room....I'm just really tired Rob." Steve is too tired to cry or even get upset again. Robin wraps an arm behind him and rubs up towards his shoulder blades in attwmp to sooth the muscles there. Steve whines slightly because it hurts, but it is comforting.

"Well I brought some movies, what if you wash your hair and then we just lay down and watch them. I can bring the VHS player to your room, I'll be there so you won't have to worry." That sounds so good. That sounds phenomenal to Steve, but there is no way in hell he can wash his hair.

"I can't wash my hair but the rest of that sounds pretty solid to me." He sighs a laugh of relief till he watches Robins expression shift around as she looks at his hair. "What?"

"I could wash it." She suggests and Steve laughs shaking his head.

"No way."

"What, why not?" She asks as Steve stands up.

"Cause thats..." Steve tries to think of a word or a reason, "weird."

"It is not, salons do it." She points out.

"No, Robin, I'm not letting you anywhere near my hair."

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"Just lean your head over the tub and I'll scrub it." Robin states matter of factly.

"You will not scrub anything, you do not scrub my hair, and I can barely move, you think bending is an option? This was a dumb idea." Steve goes to leave the bathroom but is blocked by Robin who shoved the door shut as he tried to open it.

"I don't have dumb ideas thank you very much." She says as she walks over to the shower, pulling the curtain back. Steve watches as she examines it. "Okay you can just sit in the tub and I can move around you." She suggests.

"I'll get soaked." He gestures.

"Take your shirt off." She turns on the faucet to get the temperature right.

"I'm wearing genes"

"You're wearing boxers"

"No way!" Now she's being crazy. "I'm not gonna sit in my boxers while some girl scrubs my hair, lesbian or not." Robin fixes him with a look.

"You don't scrub your hair remember." She teases, he returns it with a look of his own.

"I'm not doing it." He speaks finally and she rolls her eyes.

"Fine, have fun strippin out of wet genes." She sasses, Steve groans and covers his face with his hands. He is so goddamn tired. It won't be that bad, it's just Robin and she doesn't seem to mind.

"You can't, look at anything." He states finally his eyes jumping around slightly.

"I promise." Its said to be more reassuring than teasing, and he appreciates it. Steve isn't ashamed of his body by any means, but he is so drained that being physically vulnerable doesn't sound very appealing.

"Can you help me get my shirt off?" He asks quietly, playing with the

hem of it already. She was gonna tease him but decided against it, walking over to help him get it off.

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Robin went back over to the tub and kept her attention on the water to provide some privacy as Steve got the rest of the way undressed. Robins not stupid she knows this is weird, and unorthodox, but Steve let this get bad enough for extreams. Her thoughts were cut off when she heard somebody clear their throat.

"Do I just get in or..." Steve was rubbing his hands together.

"Yeah, I'll be right back." She says as she gets up from the edge of the tub and walks past Steve without a second glance. Steve sighed and walked towards the tub, he hesitantly climbed in and sat down. The tub wasn't super full, just to a little below his belly button, enough to just tease his tense muscle. His knees up with his arms wrapped around them loosley, the water was slowly rising up his back and it was kind of scolding. It felt amazing compared to how bad he has been feeling all week. He was snapped out of his trance as he heard the bathroom door shut. Robin, now brandishing a large lemonade pitcher, crouched beside the tub on a folded up towel. The tub was pretty full now and it felt pretty goddamn good on his back. So good that he was really fighting to stay awake. "Alright Hairington, lean your head back." He did as he was told and she poured water over his hair. Steve knew he should be embaressed but this was the best he had felt all week. Robin continued this cycle a couple times, running her fingers through his hair to make sure all of it was wet. She set the pitcher on the ground and looked around for his soap.

"Thank you." Steve said quietly, she snapped her head to look at him. She thought he was being shy but really he looked just about asleep. His eyes were closed and his jaw, though still holding his mouth shut, was relaxed.

"Don't worry about it dingus, dont let it get so bad next time." She spoke as she reached over to grab the shampoo that was in the corner of the shower. He wasn't looking at her when he said it but she knew he ment it. Steve spent most of his life not ever having to say thank you so when he does she knows he means it.

- After a couple of barley avoided water boarding insidents she decides its probably clean enough and pulls the plug. The sound makes Steve jump but at least he is coherant.

"Uhm, can you...huh can you grab my clothes from my room they are in the dresser." Steve says as he works on standing, she hands him the towel she was sitting on and makes her way out of the bathroom. She looks through the dressers and finds a pair of pajamas and boxers. She was nice enough to pick what looked the easiest to get on. Once she got to the bathroom agains Steve was haphazardly plugging in the blow dryer with wet hands. It looks like all he did was tie the towel around his waist instead of dry off at all.

"What are you trying to do fry yourself?" She asked taking it quickly from him, holding it away as he reached for it again.

"I have to blow dry my hair." He says as he tries to reach again, to no avail. "I'm not gonna fight you naked, give me the blow dryer." All it earns is an eye roll.

"Just get dressed and let it dry on its own."

"Air dry, you want me to air dry my hair no way." He says reaching yet again. "It's gonna look weird Robin!"

"Fine just sit down." She points to the toilet, getting an eyeroll of her own as he does what she said. She plugged it in and started drying his hair. - He was a bit more persnickity about this than washing it. Giving directions and disapprovals. It didnt take to long until it was at least dry enough he could let it go.

Robin stands and leavs the bathroom so he can actually get dressed, she didn't bother getting him a shirt since he probably couldnt get it on by himself. While he got dressed she ran downstairs to grab the VHS tapes she had rented, by the time she got back Steve was in bed under the comforter looking at the celing blearly. She quietly set up the tape she liked, knowimg he wouldnt be awak long, and moved the bag of snacks to a chair on her side of the bed before climbing in. Steve moved closer to wrap around her, Robin laughed in shock. The few times they did lay together it was usually her just refusing to get off of him. She was gonna tease him but he was already snoring.